

# The World

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WOMEN TOO SOON.  
 The boy HEYMAN SHAPIRO, is free! That he should have suffered the imprisonment he did was an outrage; that he is released is not ground for any exalted feeling. The only comforting sense is that wrongs like this are too foul to endure. Yet the illegal constraint on this boy of sixteen, who was an important factor in the support of his indigent family, has been only one of several similar wrongs.

THE EVENING WORLD has done in this case what it has done, and will ever do in like cases. It couched a doubtful lance against a hideous evil. The evil has disappeared.  
 What remains is that some measure be adopted which shall make a recurrence of this wrong impossible. THE EVENING WORLD has shown how this can and should be achieved. This last sample ought to be the prick which should goad on to demanding this measure.

HOW THEN GO!  
 The Finance Committee of the World's Fair has elaborated the scheme for subscriptions, and it is now possible for all to hand in their contributions. That this result should have been reached, slowly and painfully, is satisfying enough to bar comment on the proposed plan as cumbersome and needlessly complicated.

Occasionally an Anarchist belches forth the supreme argument of his ilk by emptying a gun at a crowned head. Though royalty is considered enough not to wander at large with that offensive symbol decorating its poll, the Anarchist cannot restrain himself when he has a rush of crown to his head.

THE recent attack on Prince William of Wurtemberg, was an explosion of this kind. Usually such intemperate feeling is more demonstrative to the Anarchist than to his target because public sentiment is opposed to this kind of spirit.  
 It is an argument of Anarchy which proves too much.

Chief ZEMAN, the "blue ribbon" of the White House, says he would dissent the palace of a king who would eat pie for breakfast! But this is a free country. ZEMAN, and the ballot still remains open to the maternal pie-eater.

It is a fact which speaks for itself that labor strikes are still going on in Europe. These rebellions of industrial feeling are the rumbling of a coming storm.

SPOTLIGHTS.  
 The country's upper-crust will now rest more easily. Ex-Steward Zeman says there is no pie at the White House breakfast.

It was not an every-day event that John Tallman with congratulations yesterday afternoon. John Tallman and wife were celebrating the seventeenth anniversary of their wedding-day.

Telling stories about his old sweetheart after he had married another man is proving costly to a Franklin street barber. He has paid \$100 fine and has a \$2,000 suit for defamation on hand.

The baseball season's near its end and there is cause for grief. The fifty cents we used to spend to see the game we now may spend to see an unimpressive fight. And thus do good, you see.

An old American custom has worked the sea. St. John's, N. B., has been robbed of \$15,000 worth of jewels.

Londoners exhibit an inclination to look up. It is supposed to build an Eiffel Tower there which shall be 1,200 feet high.

A Bloomfield theological student varied his occupation of seeking out texts by running down a chicken thief and holding him for the police.

Pauline Hall recognizes that there are other shrines. She burned incense to Jesus Sunday night, and for a time Chinatown forgot that there were no electric lights in Chinatown square.

Allentown has a pretty sensation in the reappearance of an embalming bookkeeper, who was supposed to be in Canada. He declares he has spent the two years of his absence from right in his own home, and that by the time law his offense has passed under the Statute of Limitations.

POLITICAL ECHOES.  
 "Lo" Session has been prevailed on to withdraw from the contest in the Thirty-second Senate District, and leave the field to Tom Platt's man, Comstock Perry Veder. The Republican State Committee said "Lo."

George O. Jones has played his annual farce known as "The Greenback State Convention." He hadn't enough actors so that he could properly cast the State ticket. Rev. Thomas A. Beecher, of Elmira, made the list as candidate for Secretary of State.

There were hints of a big defection from the County Democracy organization yesterday because of a refusal of 9,000 Democrats to be sold to the Republicans. When after the defection was found to be simply the resignation of Assemblyman William H. Herdman, of the Twentieth Assembly District.

Long Island City's first fighting Mayor, Patrick O'Sullivan, has been recommended as the Citizens' and Temperance candidate.

The Republicans have failed to find a man who is willing to run as a candidate for Congress against Amos J. Cummings in the Ninth District. Both Col. S. A. McKelvin and Wm. A. Goss have declined the dubious honor.

## "OUR FLAT."

The roaring farce written by Mrs. Musgrove, and presented last night at the Lyceum Theatre by Mr. Daniel Frohman, will be something of a surprise to the patrons of this house, who are accustomed to the dainty art-delicacies of comedy rather than the boisterous methods of rude farce. Conceded into a funny little curtain-raiser, one act long, "Our Flat" would be intelligible even at the Lyceum Theatre, but as an evening entertainment of three hours' duration it is not good enough.

Yet there are some very funny things in the farce. The dialogue is at times scintillant, though frequently it is spoken with deadly dullness. This caused a laugh: Reginald Sylvester is visited by his father-in-law, whom he mistakes for a money-lender. He is told by a friend that this is not the money-lender. The father-in-law, anxious to keep up the deception, says that he represents the firm.

"Ah," exclaims Reginald, "I am glad of that. I was afraid you were lending money on false pretences."  
 In the second act the furniture hired by the young married people in the farce is taken from them by the owners, from whom it is being purchased on the instalment plan. The wife, confronted by the sight of an empty parlor, sets her ingenuity to work. Of some soap-box, an ironing-board and some cushions she makes a sofa by throwing her Paisley shawl over the lumber; of a bath she constructs a handsome lounge-chair by enveloping it in a screen portiere; from a clothes-horse she develops a silver drapery; and finally, the room looks charmingly furnished. But none of the furniture will brook being sat upon. Of course, the irate father-in-law falls into the bath; and the plump domestic does likewise, remaining there for some few minutes with her feet in the air, a position that was hardly tinged with Lyceum propriety. But this second act is the best; the first is rather dull, and the last is merely puny.

H. E. Conway, the actor imported for Mrs. Bismarck's company, played the young husband, Reginald Sylvester. Whatever Mr. Conway's talents may be in the legitimate direction, they certainly are not to be discovered in farce. He was funeral instead of funny, and as awkward as the clothes-horse introduced upon the stage. Some very excellent work was done by Mrs. Thornley-Boncourt as the young wife. The lady looked lovely, and her performance was artistically facile. Miss Marion Russell was as successful as Mrs. Boncourt, albeit she only had what the profession call "a character hit." As the inquisitive maiden in the lower flat she was extremely felicitous. It is in these hits that dramatic talent is really discovered. R. F. Cotton made a hit as Nathaniel Glover, a theatrical manager, and Thomas Whiffen was as quaint as ever. Miss Lillian Allston overcame the part of Bella—if it is possible to overdo anything. In the roaring complications made known by "Our Flat."

ALAN DALE.

## VANITY FAIR.

Mrs. Annie Louise Cary-Raymond has a pair of diamond buttons, which measure three inches from tip to tip. With a sleeveless corset these brilliant facets are worn as shoulder-clasps.

Mrs. William Astor's shoulder ornaments are in the form of diamond love-knots and are said to have once belonged to Cardinal Richelieu.

In the "Iron Master" Miss Florence Cowell displays a couple of extraordinary persons. One "character" is covered with a patch of real green grass, in which dancing poppies are checked. Another "character" has a very venomous-looking snake coiled about the handle that wriggles so natural like as to make a body in the rear row creep.

If you want to give a young mother something useful, buy her a pair of slippers. They are very useful. The hamper is about as common as a bushel measure, fragrant as sandal wood, tissue lined, with rose pedal silk and finished with a scalloped encased in silver and enamel.

The "Commemorative" that most hideous of all circulations, which is a shape of a slender woman, and gives a plump one the circumference of a bushel, is to have another season of life—the last, let us hope.

Autumnal butterfly bows of bright-hued ribbons are put on broad-brimmed hats.

Mrs. Frances Polson Cleveland has a small voice, about the size of one of her sugarloaves, and sings old ballads of the "Molly and I Were Sweethearts" style very delightfully.

Children have been taken out of black and brown frocks and socks and put in red clothes of the cardinal, boulangier or Mephisto tint.

Every well-bred child is taught what is called round English, and flat vowels nurse girls are at a disadvantage.

Raspberry pink is a new color. The watch bracelet, side bag, silver chain belt and hair dagger are a few of the season's novelties that, like summer, have been retired.

## ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

Edgar Allan Poe, the quarter-back on the Princeton football team, weighs only 135 pounds. He is very wiry and muscular. This is his first year on the team. As his name indicates, he is a connection of America's great but erratic poet and writer.

H. S. Vosburgh, manager of the Columbia football team, is himself an athlete who has won many laurels on the athletic field. He has captured a number of medals earned by distress at the short distance and hurdles.

"Ben" T. Tilton, captain of the Harvard University crew, is a youth calculating a distance of 8 feet 3 inches, and of an avoirdupois amounting to 195 pounds. He has handled an oar pretty nearly every place he learned to walk.

J. W. Cole, of the N. Y. A. C., is partly to athletic sports of all kinds, particularly bowling. He has been elected captain of the Club's bowling team.

## STOLEN RHYMES.

When My Darling Comes to Greet Me.  
 When my darling comes to greet me,  
 With the blossoms burst in bloom,  
 Will the birds be singing sweet?  
 Will the grass be green and true?  
 Will the roses be in bloom?  
 All things seek to charm my darling,  
 Of my love and love's desire,  
 But to share with me the treasure,  
 That so wholly mine has grown.  
 —MRS. C. B. BAKER in the Philadelphia Times.

## ALL USED UP.

Strength all gone. Tired out. Overworked. Feeling mean and miserable. You must not neglect yourself longer. Delays are dangerous. The downward tendency of your system must be stopped. You need the tonic, strengthening, building up properties of Hood's Sarsaparilla to restore you to health, give you an appetite and make you active, cheerful and willing to work. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. 51 cents per bottle. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

## NIMROD'S LEATERS.

Enthusiastic Hunters Who Are Desirous of That Double Eagle.

"The Evening World" Prize Excites Lively Competition.

Wonderful Tales of Lucky Shots and Skilled Marksmanship.

Conditions.  
 THE EVENING WORLD hereby opens a hunting contest as a timely and interesting feature. The fish story contest created a great deal of interest, and tales of adventure with dog and gun will prove no less entertaining. The prize—a double gold eagle—will be given for the best hunting story submitted.

Judge Henry A. Glenderson, who is a great hunter himself, has consented to act as judge and award the prize.

They may be as short as the authors desire, but must not exceed 200 words in length. The most interesting of the contributions will be published. All competitors should address, Hunting Story Contest, THE EVENING WORLD, New York City. This is a great opportunity for the story-telling disciples of Nimrod.

## A Mount Kiack Bear Hunt.

One cold morning at daybreak I awoke with the determination to shoot some big game. I shouldered my rifle, took a brace of hounds and started. The bushes were so thick it was almost impossible to get through. My dogs started a flock of turkeys and I killed two. Just as I had shouldered them the dogs barked and ran through the underbrush and were soon out of sight.

I followed as fast as I could till I came to the edge of an open prairie when I saw a huge bear. Throwing turkeys aside, I advanced. When within a few rods of him he saw me and stood upon his hind legs.

I aimed at his breast and fired. As I did so he came down on all fours after me. I tried to run, but could not so, with bowie-knife in hand, I prepared for the awful fight. As he came up, roaring like a bull, I jumped aside, stabbing him in the neck. He reeled, and I stabbed him in the side and he fell down on top of the story-telling disciples of Nimrod.

## A Very-Much-Killed Rabbit.

To the Editor:  
 I have shot at, but never hit much. I did, however, kill a rabbit. If you could have seen that rabbit you would have believed him to be dead without holding an autopsy to prove it. He was shot with duck shot at a range of thirty feet, and consequently was ripped from alpha to omega. I am an absent-minded man. Please remember this.

In Canada, about six years ago, I started to hunt rabbits, coming from the clearing and working through the brush to another. I reached the second clearing without seeing any rabbits. I covered with a patch of real green grass, in which dancing poppies are checked. Another "character" has a very venomous-looking snake coiled about the handle that wriggles so natural like as to make a body in the rear row creep.

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## WORLDLINGS.

The dry-goods king of Boston is Eben Jordan, of the firm of Jordan, Marsh & Co. He is worth between \$5,000,000 and \$10,000,000, a great part of which is real estate.

John C. Heenan, the pugilist, is buried in Troy, N. Y. A monument of black granite, erected by his sisters and his widow at a cost of \$124,000, marks his grave.

Among the historical relics in the Libby Prison War Museum in Chicago is a wooden bullethead that was once the property of Abraham Lincoln. For twenty-five years it has been reverently kept in a glass case.

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## The Lucky Number.

"THIRTEEN."

\$40--Suits and Overcoats--\$40

FOR THIRTEEN DOLLARS.

Tuesday and Wednesday, TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW,

9 A. M. UNTIL 9 P. M.

The enormous success of our GREAT FIFTEEN-DOLLAR SALE held last week left on our hands a great many odd lots of superfine quality suits and overcoats, four or five of a kind, and in broken or irregular sizes.

We are not superstitious about the number 13, and have concluded to close out these goods for that number of dollars.

\$13.00 FOR YOUR OWN CHOICE

OF TWELVE HUNDRED SUITS and NINE HUNDRED OVERCOATS.

NEVER SOLD BEFORE FOR LESS THAN \$25 to \$40 each.

These goods consist of

Suits and Overcoats.

"BROADBROOK" Cutaway and Sack ENGLISH MELTONS, Sack or English CHEVIOTS, Coats, "SCHURBEL'S" TOP COATS, UL- WORSTEDS, Perfect-Fitting and STERS or CAPE "Glove" Worsteds, Tailor-Made. CHINCHILLAS, COATS, "Cross" Meltons, Harris Cassimeres, Vienna Cheviots, Silk, Satin or Cloth Athlone Woollens. Satin or Silk Lined. CASTOR BEAVERS, Lined.

WE POSITIVELY GUARANTEE TO PRODUCE AT THIRTEEN DOLLARS THE EXACT GARMENTS MENTIONED ABOVE.

These SUITS and OVERCOATS will be piled on Tea Counters in front of our store. You are at liberty to go through the entire assortment and make your own selection for \$13, regardless of cost or previous price.

This offering exceeds in liberality any SPECIAL SALE we have ever held. We particularly and cordially invite inspection by persons who have not previously dealt with us, whether they wish to purchase or not.

A. H. KING & CO.,

THE LEADING AMERICAN CLOTHIERS.

627 and 629 BROADWAY, Near Bleecker St.

OPEN THIS EVENING UNTIL 9 O'CLOCK.

\$1.50 SECURE a fine, reliable wearing garment. Show your money's worth. Buy at 627 and 629 Broadway. This shoe is worth \$4.50.

64 C. PURCHASE a man's fine dress shirt, with all the latest improvements, for \$1.75. A. H. KING & CO., 627 and 629 Broadway.

A WIFE'S CONFESSION

Telling of Her Complicity in Her Husband's Murder.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)  
 EASTON, Pa., Oct. 22.—The talk of the town to-day and the most sensational event ever witnessed in a court-room was the confession yesterday by Mrs. Aaron W. Dillard of the part she took in leading her late husband to his death at the hands of William H. Bartholomew.

The court-room was crowded, as it had been understood that something of the sort would come. Every eye was upon the thin, white, sharp-featured face of the black-dyed witness.

Every ear was strained to catch her hurried, nervously spoken story.

"Oh, I would be better off if I had never seen him," she cried, bitterly, after telling her husband's name, and how the latter had finally said he would shoot her husband.

Bartholomew had spoken to her a few weeks before about the killing. He told the witness that he liked her, and wanted her for himself. He would get a farm, he said, and they would live together.

She reminded Bartholomew of his wife and family, and for herself said she would never leave him.

The story of the night of the murder was told and the most intense stillness. Said Mrs. Dillard:

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## B. Altman & Co.,

18th St., 19th St. and 6th Ave.

GLOVES.

Are showing a desirable and complete assortment of GENTLEMEN'S, LADIES' and CHILDREN'S GLOVES, in all weights and colors, for Fall and Winter, including a full line of the TREFOUSSE, CASTON, LUXOR, BIARRITZ, and Fownes' WALKING and DRIVING GLOVES.

Also, exclusive shades in new Green, Pale Grays, Olives, and Evening Gloves, in great variety, and

TO-MORROW, Wednesday, Oct. 23d,

8-button MOUSQUETAIRE SUEDES, in tans and grays, at

95c. PAIR.

(18TH STREET STATION ELEVATED ROAD.)

Daniell & Sons

Hackett, Carhart & Co.

Children's Suits,

(ages 4 to 10 years.)

In plaited, corded and plain jacket styles, at

\$3 to \$10.